

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,622



DECEMBER 29, 1900

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
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WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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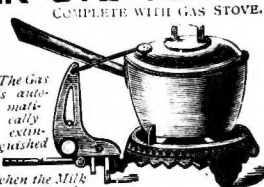
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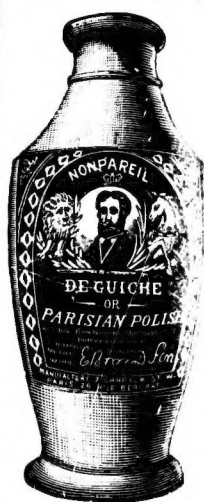
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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,622.—VOL. LXII.  
Registered as a Newspaper ] EDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1900

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS [PRICE NINEPENCE  
"Nuchat" and "Events of the Year" [By Post, 9½ d.



FRANK  
CRAIG  
1900

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

There is no truer index to the general content and discontent of a ship's company than the reception given to the captain and officers on Christmas Day when they make their customary tour of the mess-deck. In a happy ship the "Handy Man" applies his handiness and proverbial ingenuity to elaborate decoration of his mess. Festoons of coloured paper, ropes of evergreen, seasonal and topical mottoes, "writ large," hide the iron beams and unfestive features of the ship's anatomy, while the mess-tables are piled with much goodly fare and garnished with family photographs of absent sweethearts, wives and children. Each mess designs and prepares its own plum-pudding—only the actual cooking is done in the

galley. Thus the variety and quality of the finished article is only limited by the number of the messes. A cordial reception awaits the officers and their friends at eight bells, noon. There are cheers for the captain and the most popular officers, hearty Christmas greetings for all. The hospitality of the sailors is freely extended. Every visitor must taste or take away a morsel of the feast. Then there are the "funny men" in fancy costume privileged to jest and gibe and find in the incidents of the ship's commission a target for their mother wit.

THE "HANDY MAN'S" CHRISTMAS DAY: FESTIVITIES ON A BATTLESHIP



## Topics of the Week

**A** HUNDRED years ago England was banded with the whole of Europe against Napoleon, and the energy with which she prosecuted the war rendered her in a sense the most popular of the **Century** of **Anglophobia** Powers. To-day she is certainly the least popular, and it would not require very much to band the whole of Europe against her. The contrast is a striking one, but it would be a mistake to imagine that it indicates a revolutionary change in the opinion of the world with regard to this country, or that we must have sinned deeply to account for the ill-feeling that is manifested towards us. Anglophobia is, indeed, not the invention of the Nineteenth Century, and if it has increased of late years the explanation is not to be sought in any degeneration of the English national character. From the time of Elizabeth, indeed, there has always been a great deal of Anglophobia in the world. The hostility of Europe to-day is nothing in comparison with the hostility of what was known as the Counter-Reformation. The dying years of the Eighteenth Century witnessed a coalition against us which was largely responsible for our loss of North America, and the first half of the present century was marked by a similar, though less militant, outbreak when England, at the instigation of Canning, ranged herself on the side of the growing forces of constitutional liberty on the Continent. Indeed, for four hundred years we have always been more or less hated, the causes being at one time our Protestantism, at another our Colonial enterprise, and at yet another our championship of the rights of democracies. What is strange is that, in spite of the disappearance of religious prejudice to a very great extent, and the triumph of the constitutional cause everywhere, the old hatred of England should still be as strong as ever. The reasons are somewhat complex, but they are not difficult to identify. In the first place, the great accumulation of wealth in Europe during the last forty years has everywhere given a great impulse to Colonial enterprises. This has brought the nations into close and even bitter competition with this country. The fact that almost all the colonisable area of the world is British has created a great deal of political ill-feeling which commercial rivalry has disseminated among all classes. A second reason is that Political Reaction has everywhere become strengthened during the last generation. The Radical and Socialistic tendencies of a section of the old Liberal Parties has broken up those parties in nearly every European country, the majority of the Moderates being absorbed by the Conservative Parties. Reactionaries are everywhere anti-English, and hence it is that this old fashioned phase of Anglophobia has been strengthened. The Nationalist propagandas in certain countries have also had much to do with it, and it is indisputable that the political activity of the Clericals during the last few years has considerably helped it. These, it seems to us, are the chief causes of the dislike with which we are regarded abroad. On the whole they are rather complimentary to us, and at any rate it is difficult to see what we can do to conciliate them.

**The** **Colonies:** **Then** **and Now** ONE of the most striking contrasts between the beginning of the Nineteenth and the beginning of the Twentieth Century is the difference in the part played by British Colonies. A hundred years ago Great Britain stood almost alone. She had lost her most prosperous American Colonies, with a population of nearly four millions, and though she retained the Canadas, they, even when strengthened by the influx of the United Empire Loyalists, seemed very

small in comparison to what had been lost. Elsewhere there was but little. The Cape was not yet definitely attached to the British Crown; Australia was barely known; in India we were still struggling with the Mahrattas for the dominions of the Great Moghul; even in the West Indies, though they were prosperous enough, we had still to fight for our footing. Only a hundred years have slipped by, and we now find prosperous and powerful British Colonies in almost every quarter of the globe. Canada has grown into a young but sturdy nation; Australia is on the foothold of nationhood; beyond Australia lies New Zealand, that was not colonised till the century was well advanced; and beyond New Zealand lies Fiji, one of the latest but not the least prosperous of British possessions. The growth of our Indian Empire has been even more remarkable. The British Empire in India now extends far beyond the limits of the sway exercised by the greatest of the Moghuls. So far as all outward evidence goes India is as loyal to the British Crown as any portion of her Majesty's dominions. Nor does India's loyalty end in lip service. In the crisis of the South African War India rendered to the Empire greater aid than all the self-governing Colonies combined, apart from the Cape and Natal. Simultaneously India has been able to furnish most valuable assistance to the Mother Country by the despatch of troops to China. In the West Indies superficially the contrast is not so favourable. Then the islands were in the enjoyment of an artificial prosperity based upon slave labour. Now they no longer yield princely fortunes to a few British capitalists; but, on the other hand, the slaves of the past had been succeeded by a large population of free-men who appear to be in the enjoyment of very considerable present prosperity, with an outlook of great improvement in the near future. The one trouble that faces us now is the weary war in South Africa. In its present phase the struggle is as foolish as it is hateful, but let the people who talk glibly about the danger to the British Empire of this protracted war carry their minds back to the contest of giants in which we were involved single-handed a hundred years ago.

### The Century's Politics

SINCE the passage of the first and greatest Reform Bill, the continuous tendency of political changes has been towards the democratisation of the Constitution. Up to 1832 the people had practically no voice in the direction of public affairs; their control rested exclusively in the hands of an aristocratic oligarchy. But when once the flood-gates were thrown open, the dammed-up waters poured through in ever-increasing volume, and the "privileged classes," as they used to be called, found themselves more and more disinherited. It is greatly to the credit of the nation that this revolutionary transformation has been peacefully accomplished within the four corners of the Constitution. Even in 1848, when Continental thrones lay prone in the dust, Great Britain remained practically unmoved by the tempest, and the "golden link" of the Crown even acquired additional strength. At the beginning of the Nineteenth Century it could not be said with truth that the Monarchy was "broad based on the people's will." Now, on the contrary, that is the indisputable fact; not only in these little isles of the West, but throughout the whole Empire, we have lately witnessed such an enthusiastic outburst of profound loyalty to the Queen personally as is without parallel in the history of the world. Since the beginning of her most beneficent reign, truth, justice and wisdom have dominated the Royal Council Chamber, and whether a Palmerston, a Gladstone, a Disraeli, or a Salisbury was the chief adviser, Her Majesty has never wavered in her resolve to promote the happiness, the well-being, and the greatness of her subjects, irrespective of parties and classes.

### The Military and Naval Century

UP to the middle of the expiring century the Army and Navy remained very much what they had been at the downfall of Napoleon. There was no important change of system in either Service; powder for the hair was incumbent on all officers for the greater part of the period, and the juniors, being the first operated upon by the barber, had to sit up for the rest of the night lest their greased locks should become rumpled before parade. It was with the Crimean War that the urgent necessity for reform and reorganisation came into evidence, and the Indian Mutiny further accentuated that need. But a good many years passed before anything of an effectual and thoroughgoing character was attempted by the introduction of the territorial system and the creation of our Army Reserve. The Auxiliary Forces were greatly strengthened, too, by the addition of a large body of citizen soldiers, who ever since have made continuous progress in efficiency, as was lately demonstrated by the C.I.V. Later on, the nation became aware that the Navy had been allowed to dwindle away to the most dangerous extent, and, with one voice, it insisted that the First Line of Defence should be substantially strengthened, be the cost what it might. Thanks to these changes, the end of the century finds this kingdom far better equipped for the safeguarding of its Imperial interests than was ever previously the case, and it rests on the new century to complete the work so auspiciously begun by its predecessor.

**The Social Century** THE dominant characteristic of the Nineteenth Century, when viewed from a social standpoint, is the continuous effacement of the barriers which used to divide class from class. There are men still living who can remember how hopeless it was for people who had prospered in commerce to attempt to gain footing in "country society." The millionaire found the door as rigorously shut against him as if he were a pariah attempting to associate with Brahmins. Gradually, however, the multiplication of social plutocrats, coupled with the impoverishment of the landed gentry, conduced to fraternisation, and the well-endowed has no longer to sit disconsolate outside the obdurate gates of an exclusive Paradise. Whether this remarkable change is wholly beneficial may, perhaps, be open to question; there are some who lament it as conducive to Mammon-worship. Be that as it may, it cannot be disputed that English Society has been largely brightened and made more tolerant by a freer mixture of classes, and that, at all events, is a distinct gain. While there has been no noteworthy change in masculine attire since the Georgian era, feminine raiment has constantly varied, and each new fashion is loudly proclaimed to be ideally beautiful. As a fact, most of these novelties in costume are merely revivals; the crinoline, for instance, was the old hooped petticoat slightly modified, while the "eel-skin" dress owed much to the classical drapery which was so much in vogue early in the century. Turning from small things to great, even the most casual student will observe the continuous growth of Press influence, and few will deny that it is much more generally exercised to the public benefit than used to be the case. It has become a great social as well as a political force, while, in the matter of enterprise, it has no rival in the whole world.

## By the Century's Deathbed

By THOMAS HARDY

### I.

I LEANT upon a paddock gate  
When shades were spectre-gray,  
And Winter's dregs made desolate  
The weakening eye of day.  
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky  
Like strings from broken lyres,  
And all mankind that haunted nigh  
Had sought their household fires.

### II.

The land's sharp features seemed to be  
The Century's corpse outleant,  
His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
The wind his death-lament.  
The ancient pulse of germ and birth,  
Was shrunken, hard, and dry,  
And every spirit upon earth  
Seemed fervourless as I.

### III.

At once a voice outburst among  
The bleak twigs overhead  
In a full-hearted evensong  
Of joy illimited.  
An aged thrush, frail, thin, and small,  
In blast-beruffled plume,  
Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
Upon the growing gloom.

### IV.

So little cause for carollings  
Of such ecstatic sound  
Was written on terrestrial things  
Afar or nigh around,  
That I could think there trembled through  
His happy good-night air  
Some Blessed Hope, whereof he knew  
And I was unaware.

Thomas Hardy

## IN "THE GOLDEN PENNY"

this week

A Most Interesting Article appears, entitled  
IN THE EVENT OF A SECOND SIEGE OF MALTA,  
With Numerous Illustrations of the Wonderful Granaries.

A Charming Short Story,  
THE HAPPY VALLEY.

By Gilbert Stanhope.

Anecdotes, Curiosities, Puzzles, Facts, Insurance.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY,"

For December 29.



**NOTICE.**—Paris Office: 24, Cité Trevisé, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements and Electros should be addressed.



## Christmas at the Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

APART from *Henry V.* at the LYCEUM, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the COMEDY, and *The Ring Mistress* at the LYRIC—which came forth a trifle in advance of Boxing Day—the Christmas novelties at all houses of any importance in town and suburbs may be said to be pantomimes. *Shock-Headed Peter* at the GARRICK is but the exception which is said to prove the rule, and even that adaptation of our old nursery friend Struwwelpeter claims, by virtue of its blended humour and fancy, close kinship with a pantomime opening of the orthodox DRURY LANE pattern. This reminds us that the last-named vast temple of the Drama is this year found in undisputed possession of the whole field of pantomime at the West End, whereas last year the GARRICK with *Puss in Boots* competed with it for the favour of those holiday folk who delight in entertainments of this class. In the suburban theatres, on the other hand, pantomime once more holds the field. Some eight-and-twenty of these popular resorts—the great majority of which have sprung into existence within the last ten or twelve years—take their stand in this regard upon the old ways; nor does the long-established custom which requires the pantomime librettist to select his theme from the familiar pages of our nursery legends and juvenile story books show any sign of declining. Unfortunately Boxing Day falls this year at a date which compels us to reserve our customary notices of the Christmas productions till next week.

### SHAKESPEARE AT THE COMEDY

THE representation of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, with which Mr. F. R. Benson has opened his season of Shakespearean performances at the COMEDY Theatre, cannot claim any particular distinction; but it presents us with a comedy of Shakspeare which has not been seen very recently on the London stage, and that in a way which betokens careful preparation. A Falstaff, with more sustained exuberance than that of Mr. George R. Weir, would, no doubt, add greatly to the effect of the performance. Those who can recall Mr. Tree's portrait of the immortal knight in this play—its rich colouring, its humour, and its manifold subtle touches of character—could hardly accept with satisfaction this later impersonation. On the other hand, Mrs. Benson's Mrs. Ford is sufficiently bright and frolicsome, and Mr. Rodney plays the jealous and self-tormenting Ford with a very effective sincerity. To these we ought to add the Dr. Caius of Mr. Benson, whose excitability and broken English are very diverting in a conventional way, and Miss Elsie Chester's Mistress Page, who contributes much to sustain the mirthful key of the "buck basket" scene. The rest of the performers hardly rise above the level which is known as "respectable," but the enterprise of Mr. Benson in spreading the taste for Shakespeare in the theatre throughout the length and breadth of the land is still deserving of the gratitude of the poet's worshippers. Eight plays in all, including *Coriolanus* and the unabridged *Hamlet* will be given between this and April 8, when the season closes. It should be noted that the performances are limited to three evenings and two matinées in each week, the remaining evenings being given up to the German performances under the direction of Herr Schulz-Curtius.

### "THE RING MISTRESS"

Mr. Robert Ganthony's new farce in three acts, entitled *The Ring Mistress*, which forms the afternoon entertainment at the LYRIC Theatre, is a piece of the thoroughly old-fashioned type, in which probability is flung to the winds and the bringing about of farcical situations is the paramount object. It introduces us to a photographer's jealous wife, who, having discovered that her erratic husband is advertising for a wife, with the intention of committing bigamy, answers the advertisement in the character of a rich countess, and, concealing her features behind a thick veil, marries her own husband at a Registrar's office. This incident may serve as a sample of the tissue of absurdities which Mr. Ganthony has provided for his patrons. Extravagantly unreal, not to say impossible though many of his situations are, the piece, nevertheless, provokes much mirth and is really amusing, thanks in great part to the strong sense of humour shown by Mr. Robb Harwood as the flighty photographer, the pert vivacity of Miss Kate Phillips as his much tried wife, and the cleverness and spirit of Miss Beatrice Lamb in an incidental yet prominent part. *The Ring Mistress* will be played throughout the holidays, but, as already noted, in the afternoons only (Saturdays excepted), the evenings and the Saturday matinée being devoted, as heretofore, to the representations of *Florodora*.

### THE RETURN OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

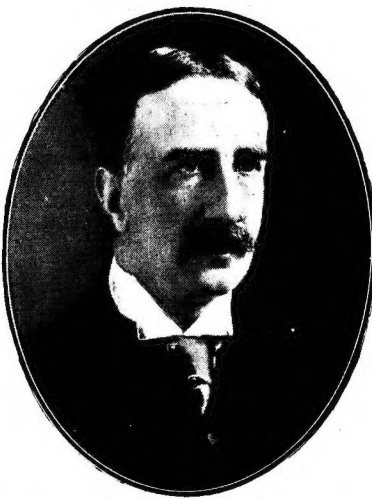
The perennial vitality of the late Mr. Savile Clarke's clever version of *Alice in Wonderland* and its sequel, *Through the Looking Glass*, is not a little remarkable. It has now been regularly revived as a Christmas entertainment for several seasons, but never with more care and pains than it exhibits this year at both the morning and evening entertainment at the VAUDEVILLE. A strong company, with Mr. Seymour Hicks as the Mad Hatter and Miss Ellaline Terriss as Alice has been recruited for the occasion, and some brilliant and diverting new features have been introduced. Mr. J. C. Buckstone's little introductory piece, *Punch and Judy*, the interlocutors in which are two showmen of the Short and Codlin types is also cordially welcomed, while the magic-lantern interlude, exhibiting Mr. Louis Wain's comic cats, besides reproductions of Sir John Tenniel's famous illustrations to Louis Carroll's immortal story, appeals no less directly to the sympathies of the young holiday folk.

## The Reorganisation of the War Office

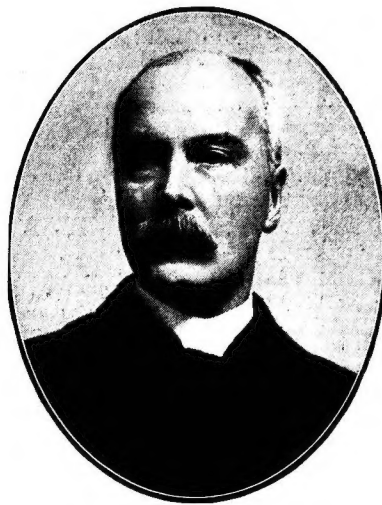
MR. ST. JOHN BRODRICK has inaugurated his tenure of the Secretaryship for War by appointing a Committee to consider the present arrangements for the transaction of business within the War



MR. GEORGE GIBB



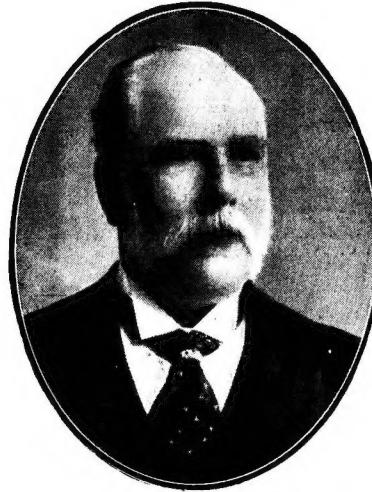
MR. CLINTON DAWKINS  
Chairman



COLONEL SIR GEORGE CLARKE



SIR CHARLES WELBY, M.P.



MR. W. MATHER, M.P.



MR. BECKETT, M.P.

THE REORGANISATION OF THE WAR OFFICE: THE NEW COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY

Office, the system of contract and audit, and the possibility of further decentralisation of work, with a view to the more expeditious and effective discharge of the duties of the various departments. That this is an important step in the right direction is generally acknowledged. Moreover, the Committee chosen will reassure those of the public who are clamouring for the reform of the War Office. The six members of the Committee are all men of character and independence, with recognised business and financial abilities. The Chairman of the Committee is Mr. Clinton Dawkins, who was at one time financial adviser to the Egyptian Government, and afterwards became Finance Minister in India. Mr. Dawkins is now a partner in the well-known firm of J. S. Morgan and Co. His ability in financial matters is established, and he ought to make a first-rate chairman. With him are five members, each of whom brings either knowledge of the War Office or knowledge of finance. To begin with, there is Sir Charles Welby, M.P., who was for some four years private secretary to Lord Lansdowne when the latter was Secretary for War, and is now Assistant Under-Secretary of State for War. With him are two other M.P.'s—Mr. Beckett and Mr. Mather—both sound business men, the former a Conservative and the latter a Liberal. Mr. Beckett belongs to the well-known Yorkshire banking firm of Beckett and Co., while Mr. Mather is senior partner of the firm of Mather and Platt of the Salford Ironworks. Another member of the Committee who represents the military side of the question is Sir George Sydenham Clarke, R.E., a distinguished officer who served as secretary to the Hartington Commission on the Army and Navy Administration, and must therefore

have a thorough knowledge of the subject of the inquiry. The other member of the Committee is Mr. George Gibb, the General Manager of the North-Eastern Railway, who is one of the most capable administrators in the country. The Committee is undoubtedly strong, and should be able to lay before the House of Commons not only the defects of the present system, but should also be able to point out the necessary reforms. Our portraits of Mr. Clinton Dawkins, Mr. Beckett and Sir George Clarke are by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; that of Mr. Gibb is by E. Stead, Scarborough; that of Mr. Mather is by H. Jancowski, Manchester; and that of Sir Charles Welby by H. Van der Weyde, Regent Street.

## Christmas at Court

CHRISTMAS at Court follows a very unvarying routine. For many years past it has been the custom for the Queen to spend the Christmas season at Osborne, and the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, each surrounded by an exclusively family party, and this year sees the usual gathering in the Isle of Wight and Norfolk. Of late, since a group of grandchildren have joined Her Majesty at Christmas, the season is much more lively at Osborne than a few years ago, the Queen delighting to be with the young folk in their amusements. Even now, when

the shadow of mourning hangs over the elder members of the Royal circle, Christmas is made as bright as possible for the young people. Her Majesty has a keen memory for the kind of present which everybody likes, from her nearest relations to the humblest member of the Royal Household, and for weeks past Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice have been planning and arranging gifts. Plenty of presents, including numerous plum-puddings, have gone abroad to foreign branches of the Royal House, Emperor William of Germany in particular always looking for his pudding, and sending his Royal grandmother various German dainties in return. Then there are the Queen's charities of various descriptions—notably the Christmas Tree for the Whippingham school-children, when the Royal children delight in helping to strip the tree and distribute the gifts. The London and the Windsor poor have a large share of the Queen's bounty—beef, coals and clothing going to the needy in Windsor and the neighbourhood, besides a large sum in doles, known as the "Royal Gate Alms," and the "Minor Bounty" to 1,000 aged and disabled Londoners. In the Royal circle itself several old English customs are kept up, for the Queen's Christmas dinner is never without the traditional boar's head, baron of beef and game pie. The beef is always cut from some prime animal raised on one of the Royal farms, and it is roasted at Windsor Castle before being sent to Osborne to be eaten cold. Princess Beatrice and her four children have, of course, been with the Queen for Christmas, together with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and several other members of

the Royal Family will stay with Her Majesty in turn during the next week or two.

Probably the merriest Christmas at Court is in Germany. Christmas Eve is the great time in the Fatherland, and the Royal Palace at Potsdam is ablaze with candles lighting up Christmas trees and tables for everybody, from the Emperor and Empress to the cooks.

### "Roman Art" \*

THIS is a book which will be studied with the greatest interest, and even with gratitude. Herr Wickhoff has done for Roman art what scores of clever men have done for Greek, and Mrs. Strong has rendered it available for English readers. It cannot be said, of course, that we have here any new discovery; but it is true that very few serious text-books on this superb yet relatively neglected period of art have hitherto appeared, at least in English. The author begins with Hebrew art, and passes along by the Altar of Peace, the Augustan Reliefs, and the other great masterpieces—the Titus and Trojan (Beneventum) arches, for example—of sculpture, and arrives at painting; first of sculptured works, and then of vases and independent pictorial representation. The four styles of Pompeian painting are most intelligently set forth—to most readers it will be something of a revelation. The book is at once excellent, original, interesting, and valuable, and Mrs. Strong's translation is thoroughly well done.

\* "Roman Art: Some of its Principles and their Application to Early Christian Painting." By Franz Wickhoff. Translated by Mrs. Arthur Strong. Illustrated. (Heinemann, 1900.)





FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

Convalescent fever patients are made to gargle every morning with an antiseptic. It is a nasty business, but the soldiers always obey orders, whether they be those of a superior officer or of the doctor

HOSPITAL SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE MORNING GARGLE

DRAWN BY F. DE HANSEN





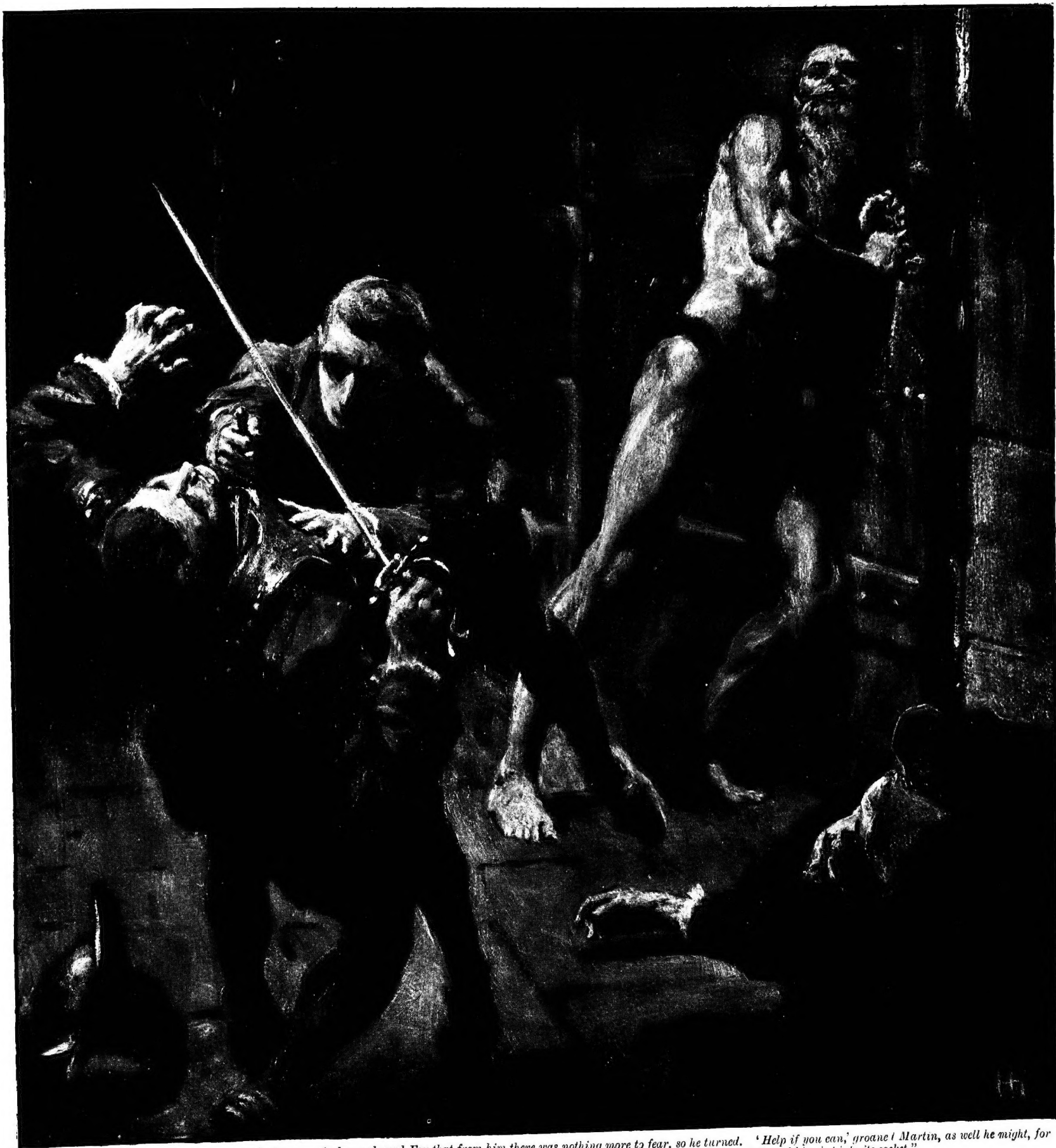
DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

A Correspondent at Shan-hai-Quan writes:—"The little French Zouaves with their wild red trousers are most picturesque. They seem to enjoy their life out here. The other day I saw some of them hunting a pig which they needed for their commissariat. They scampered after the 'porker' with the keenest zest, and ultimately brought him home in triumph."

THE ALLIES IN CHINA: ZOUAVES CHASING THEIR DINNER AT SHAN-HAI-QUAN

FROM A SKETCH BY F. W. AIREN, R.N.





"Foy's long dagger went through the porter's throat. A glance showed Foy that from him there was nothing more to fear, so he turned. 'Help if you can,' groaned Martin, as well he might, for with his naked shoulder wedged against one of the cross pieces of the door he was striving to press it so that the bolt could be shot into its socket."

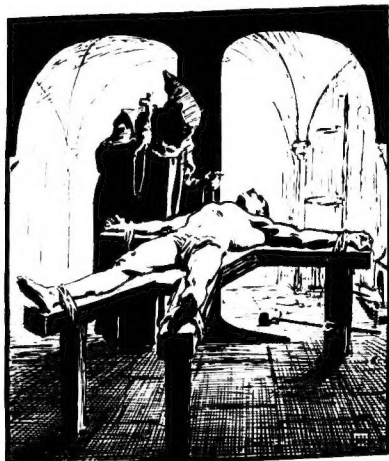
## LYSBETH

A TALE OF THE DUTCH

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by G. P. JACOMB-HOOD, R.I.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### HOW MARTIN TURNED COWARD



HE sergeant left the room and presently returned, followed by the Professor, a tall hang-dog looking rogue, clad in rusty black, with broad, horny hands, and nails bitten down to the quick.

"Good morning to you, Professor," said Ramiro. "Here are two subjects for your gentle art. You will begin upon the big one, and from time to time report progress, and be sure, if he becomes willing to

reveal what I want to know—never mind what it is, that is my affair—come to summon me at once."

"What methods does your Excellency wish employed?"

"Man, I leave that to you. Am I a master of your filthy trade? Any method, provided it is effective."

"I don't like the look of him," grumbled the Professor, gnawing at his short nails. "I have heard about this mad brute; he is capable of anything."

"Then take the whole guard with you; one naked wretch can't do much against eight armed men. And, listen; take the young gentleman also, and let him see what goes on; the experience may modify his views, but don't touch him without telling me. I have reports to write, and shall stop here."

"I don't like the look of him," repeated the Professor. "I say that he makes me feel cold down the back—he has the evil eye; I'd rather begin with the young one."

"Begone and do what I tell you," said Ramiro, glaring at him fiercely. "Guard, attend upon the executioner Baptiste."

"Bring them along," said the Professor.

"No need for violence, worthy sir," muttered Martin; "show the way and we follow," and stooping down he lifted Foy from his chair.

Then the procession started. First went Baptiste and four soldiers, next came Martin bearing Foy, and after them four more

soldiers. They passed out of the court-room into the passage beneath the archway. Martin, shuffling along slowly, glanced down it and saw that on the wall, among some other weapons, hung his own sword, Silncee. The big doors were locked and barred, but at the wicket by the side of them stood a sentry, whose office it was to let people in and out upon their lawful business. Making pretence to shift Foy in his arms, Martin scanned this wicket as narrowly as time would allow, and observed that it seemed to be secured by means of iron bolts at the top and the bottom, but that it was not locked, since the socket into which the tongue went was empty. Doubtless, while he was on guard there, the porter did not think it necessary to go to the pains of using the great key that hung at his girdle.

The sergeant in charge of the victims opened a low and massive door, which was almost exactly opposite to that of the court-room, by shooting back a bolt and pushing it ajar. Evidently the place beyond at some time or other had been used as a prison, which accounted for the bolt on the outside. A few seconds later they were locked into the torture-chamber of the Gevangenhuys, which was nothing more than a good-sized vault like that of a cellar, lit with lamps, for no light of day was suffered to enter here, and by a horrid little fire that flickered on the floor. The furniture of the place may be guessed at; those that are curious about such horrors can satisfy themselves by examining the mediæval prisons at The

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Hague and elsewhere. Let us pass them over as unfit even for description, although those terrors, of which we scarcely like to speak to-day, were very familiar to the sight of our ancestors of but three centuries ago.

Martin sat Foy down upon some terrible engine that roughly resembled a chair, and once more let his blue eyes wander about him. Amongst the various implements was one leaning against the wall not very far from the door which excited his especial interest. It was made for a dreadful purpose, but Martin reflected only that it seemed to be a stout bar of iron exactly suited to the breaking of anybody's head.

"Come," sneered the Professor, "undress that big gentleman while I make ready his little bed."

So the soldiers stripped Martin, nor did they assault him with sneers and insults, for they remembered the man's deeds of yesterday, and admired his strength and endurance, and the huge, muscular frame beneath their hands.

"Now he is ready if you are," said the sergeant.

The Professor rubbed his hands.

"Come on, my little man," he said.

Then Martin's nerve gave way, and he began to shiver and to shake.

"Oh!" laughed the Professor, "even in this stuffy place he is cold without his clothes; well, we must warm him—we must warm him."

"Who would have thought that a big fellow, who can fight well, too, was such a coward at heart," said the sergeant of the guard to his companions. "After all, he will give no more play than a Rhine salmon."

Martin heard the words, and was seized with such an intense access of fear that he burst into a sweat all over his body.

"I can't bear it," he said, covering his eyes—which, however, he did not shut—with his fingers. "The rack was always my nightmare, and now I see why. I'll tell all I know."

"Oh! Martin, Martin," broke out Foy in a kind of wail, "I was doing my best to keep my own courage; I never dreamt that you would turn coward."

"Every well has a bottom, master," whined Martin, "and mine is the rack. Forgive me, but I can't abide the sight of it."

Foy stared at him open-mouthed. Could he believe his ears? And if Martin was so horribly scared, why did his eye glint in that peculiar way between his fingers? He had seen this light in it before, no later indeed than the last afternoon just as the soldiers tried to rush the stair. He gave up the problem as insoluble, but from that moment he watched very narrowly.

"Do you hear what this young lady says, Professor Baptiste?" said the sergeant. "She says" (imitating Martin's whine) "that she'll tell all she knows."

"Then the great cur might have saved me this trouble. Stop here with him. I must go and inform the Governor; those are my orders. No, no, you needn't give him his clothes yet—that cloth is enough—one can never be sure."

Then he walked to the door and began to unlock it, as he went striking Martin in the face with the back of his hand, and saying,

"Take that, cur." Whereat, as Foy observed, the cowed prisoner perspired more profusely than before, and shrank away towards the wall.

God in Heaven! What had happened? The door of the torture den was opened, and suddenly, uttering the words, "*To me, Fo!*," Martin made a movement more quick than he could follow. Something flew up and fell with a fearful thud upon the executioner in the doorway. The guard sprang forward, and a great bar of iron, hurled with awful force into their faces, swept two of them broken to the ground. Another instant, and one arm was about his middle, the next they were outside the door, Martin standing straddle-legged over the body of the dead Professor Baptiste.

They were outside the door, but it was not shut, for, on the other side of it six men were pushing with all their might and main. Martin dropped Foy. "Take his dagger and look out for the porter," he gasped.

In a second Foy had drawn the weapon out of the belt of the dead man, and wheeled round. The porter from the wicket was running on them sword in hand. Foy forgot that he was wounded—for the moment his leg seemed sound again. He doubled himself up and sprang at the man like a wild-cat, as one springs who has the rack behind him. There was no fight, yet in that thrust the skill which Martin had taught him so patiently served him well, for the sword of the Spaniard passed over his head, whereas Foy's long dagger went through the porter's throat. A glance showed Foy that from him there was nothing more to fear, so he turned.

"Help if you can," groaned Martin, as well he might, for with his naked shoulder wedged against one of the cross pieces of the door he was striving to press it to so that the bolt could be shot into its socket.

Heavens! what a struggle was that. Martin's blue eyes seemed to be starting from his head, his tongue lolled out and the muscles of his body rose in great knots. Foy hopped to him and pushed as well as he was able. It was little that he could do standing upon one leg only, for now the sinews of the other had given way again, still that little made the difference, for let the soldiers on the other side strive as they might, slowly, very slowly, the thick door quivered to its frame. Martin glanced at the bolt for he could not speak, and with his left hand Foy slowly worked it forward. It was stiff with disuse, it caught upon the edge of the socket.

"Closer," he gasped.

Martin made an effort so fierce that it was hideous to behold, for beneath the pressure the blood trickled from his nostrils, but the door went in the sixteenth of an inch and the rusty bolt creaked home into its stone notch.

Martin stepped back, and for a moment stood swaying like a man about to fall. Then recovering himself he leapt at the sword. Silence which hung upon the wall and passed its thong over his right wrist. Next he turned towards the door of the courthouse.

"Where are you going?" asked Foy.

"To bid *him* farewell," hissed Martin.

"You're mad," said Foy; "let's fly while we can. That door may give—they are shouting."

"Perhaps you are right," said Martin doubtfully. "Come. On to my back with you."

A few seconds later the two soldiers on guard outside the Gevangenhuys were amazed to see a huge, red-bearded man, naked

save for a loin-cloth, and waving a great bare sword, who carried upon his back another man, rush straight at them with a roar. They never waited his onset, they were terrified, and thought that he was a devil. This way and that they sprang, and the man with his burden passed between them over the little drawbridge down the street of the city heading for the Morschpoort.

Recovering themselves the soldiers started in pursuit, but a voice from among the passers-by cried out:

"It is Martin, Red Martin, and Foy van Goorl, who escape from the Gevangenhuys," and instantly a stone flew towards the soldiers.

Then, bearing in mind the fate of their comrades on the yesterday, those men scuttled back to the friendly shelter of the prison gate. When at length Ramiro, growing weary of waiting, came out from an inner chamber beyond the court-room, where he had been writing, to find the Professor and the porter dead in the passage, and the yelling guard locked in his own torture-chamber, why, then those sentries declared that they had seen nothing at all of prisoners clothed or naked.

For a while he believed them, and mighty was the hunt from the clock-tower of the Gevangenhuys down to the lowest stone of its cellars, yes, and even in the waters of the moat. But when the Governor found out the truth it went very ill with those soldiers, and still worse with the guard from whom Martin had escaped in the torture-room like an eel out of the hand of a fish-wife. For by this time Ramiro's temper was roused, and he began to think that after all he had done ill to return to Leyden.

But he had still a card to play. In a certain room in the Gevangenhuys sat another victim. Compared to the dreadful dens where Foy and Martin had been confined this was quite a pleasant chamber upon the first floor, being reserved, indeed, for political prisoners of rank, or officers captured upon the field who were being held to ransom. Thus it had a real window, secured, however, by a double set of iron bars, which overlooked the little inner courtyard and the gaol kitchen. Also it was furnished after a fashion, and was more or less clean. This prisoner was none other than Dirk van Goorl, who had been neatly captured as he returned towards his house after making certain arrangements for the flight of his family, and hurried away to the gaol. On that morning Dirk also had been put upon his trial before the squeaky-voiced and agitated ex-tailor. He also had been condemned to death, the method of his end being, as in the case of Foy and Martin, left in the hands of the Governor. Then they led him back to his room, and shot the bolts upon him there.

Some hours later a man entered his cell, to the door of which he was escorted by soldiers, bringing him food and drink. He was one of the cooks, and as it chanced a talkative fellow.

"What passes in the prison, friend?" asked Dirk looking up, "that I see people running to and fro across the courtyard, and hear trampling and shouts in the passages? Is the Prince of Orange coming perchance to set all of us poor prisoners free?" and he smiled sadly.

"Umph!" grunted the man, "we have prisoners here who set themselves free without waiting for any Prince of Orange. Magicians they must be—magicians and nothing less."

Dirk's interest was excited. Putting his hand into his pocket he drew out a gold piece, which he gave to the man.

"Friend," he said, "you cook my food, do you not, and look after me? Well, I have a few of these about me, and if you prove kind they may as well find their way into your pocket as into those of your betters. Do you understand?"

The man nodded, took the money, and thanked him.

"Now," went on Dirk, "while you clean the room, tell me about this escape, for small things amuse those who hear no tidings."

"Well, mynheer," answered the man, "this is the tale of it so far as I can gather. Yesterday they captured two fellows, heretics, I suppose, who made a good fight and did them much damage in a warehouse. I don't know their names, for I am a stranger to this town, but I saw them brought in; a young fellow, who seemed to be wounded in the leg and neck, and a great red-bearded giant of a man. They were put upon their trial this morning, and afterwards sent across, the two of them together, with eight men to guard them, to call upon the Professor—you understand."

Dirk nodded, for this Professor was well known in Leyden. "And then?" he asked.

"And then. Why, Mother in Heaven! they came out, that's all—the big man stripped and carrying the other on his back. Yes, they killed the Professor with the branding iron, and out they came—like ripe peas from a pod."

"Impossible," said Dirk.

"Very well, perhaps you know better than I do; perhaps it is impossible also that they should have pushed the door to, let all those Spanish cocks inside do what they might, and bolted them in; perhaps it is impossible that they should have spitted the porter and got clean away through the outside guards, the big one still carrying the other upon his back. Perhaps all these things are impossible, but they're true nevertheless, and if you don't believe me, after they get away from the whipping-post, just ask the bridge guard why they ran so fast when they saw that great, naked, blue-eyed fellow come at them roaring like a lion, with his big sword flashing above his head. Oh! there's a pretty to-do, I can tell you, a pretty to-do, and in meal or malt we shall all pay the price of it, from the Governor down. Indeed, some backs are paying it now."

"But, friend, were they not taken outside the gaol?"

"Taken? Who was to take them when the rascally mob made them an escort five hundred strong as they went down the street? No, they are far away from Leyden now, you may swear to that. And now I must be going, but if there is anything you'd like while you're here just tell me, and as you are so liberal I'll try and see that you get it."

As the bolts were shot home behind the man Dirk clasped his hands and almost laughed aloud with joy. So Martin was free and Foy was free, and until they could be taken again the secret of the treasure remained safe. Montalvo would never have it, of that he was sure. And as for his own fate? Well, he cared little about it, especially as the inquisitor had decreed that, being a man of so much importance, he was not to be put to the "question." This order, however, was prompted, not by mercy, but by discretion, since the fellow knew that, like other of the Holland towns, Leyden was on the verge of open revolt, and feared lest, should it

leak out that one of the wealthiest and most respected of its burghers was actually being tormented for his faith's sake, the populace might step over the boundary line.

When Adrian had seen the wounded Spanish soldiers and their bearers torn to pieces by the rabble, and had heard the great door of the Gevangenhuys close upon Foy and Martin, he turned to go home with his evil news. But for a long while the mob would not in front of the prison was up, and that they had no means of crossing it, probably they would have attacked the building then and there. Presently, however, rain began to fall and they melted away, wondering, not too happily, whether, in that time of daily slaughter, the Duke of Alba would think a few common soldiers worth while making a stir about.

Adrian entered the upper room to tell his tidings, since they must be told, and found it occupied by his mother alone. She was sitting straight upright in her chair, her hands resting upon her knees, staring out of the window with a face like marble.

"I cannot find him," he began, "but Foy and Martin are taken after a great fight in which Foy was wounded. They are in the Gevangenhuys."

"I know all," interrupted Lysbeth in a cold, heavy voice. "My husband is taken also. Someone must have betrayed them. May God reward him! Leave me, Adrian."

Then Adrian turned and crept away to his own chamber, his heart so full of remorse and shame that at times he thought that it must burst. Weak as he was, wicked as he was, he had never intended this, but now, oh Heaven! his brother Foy and the man who had been his benefactor, whom his mother loved more than her life, were through him given over to a death more horrible than the mind could conceive. Somehow that night wore away, and of this we may be sure, that it did not go half as heavily with the victims in their dungeon as with the betrayer in his free comfort. Thrice during its dark hours, indeed, Adrian was on the point of destroying himself; once even he set the hilt of his sword upon the floor and its edge against his breast, and then at the prick of steel shrank back.

Better would it have been for him, perhaps, could he have kept his courage; at least he would have been spared much added shame and misery.

So soon as Adrian had left her Lysbeth rose, robed herself, and took her way to the house of her cousin, Van de Werff, now a successful citizen of middle age and the burgomaster-elect of Leyden.

"You have heard the news?" she said.

"Alas! cousin, I have," he answered, "and it is very terrible. Is it true that this treasure of Hendrik Brant's is at the bottom of it all?"

"She nodded, and answered, "I believe so."

"Then could they not bargain for their lives by surrendering its secret?"

"Perhaps. That is, Foy and Martin might—Dirk does not know its whereabouts—he refused to know, but they have sworn that they will die first."

"Why, cousin?"

"Because they promised as much to Hendrik Brant, who believed that if his gold could be kept from the Spaniards it would do some mighty service to his country in time to come, and who has persuaded them all that is so."

"Then God grant it may be true," said Van de Werff with a sigh, "for otherwise it is sad to think that more lives should be sacrificed for the sake of a heap of pelf."

"I know it, cousin, but I come to you to save their lives."

"How?"

"How?" she answered fiercely. "Why, by raising the town: by attacking the Gevangenhuys and rescuing them; by driving the Spaniards out of Leyden—"

"And thereby bringing upon ourselves the fate of Mons. Would you see this place also given over to sack by the soldiers of Noircarnes and Don Frederic?"

"I care not what I see so long as I save my son and my husband," she answered desperately.

"There speaks the woman, not the patriot. It is better that three men should die than a whole city full."

"That is a strange argument to find in your mouth, cousin, the argument of Caiaphas the Jew."

"Nay, Lysbeth, be not wrath with me, for what can I say? The Spanish troops in Leyden are not many, it is true, but more have been sent for from Haarlem and elsewhere after the troubles of yesterday arising out of the capture of Foy and Martin, and in forty-eight hours at the longest they will be here. This town is not provisioned for a siege, its citizens are not trained to arms, and there is little powder in it. Moreover, the city council is divided. For the killing of the Spanish soldiers we may compound, but if we attack the Gevangenhuys, that is open rebellion, and we shall bring the army of Don Frederic down upon us."

"What matter, cousin? It will come sooner or later."

"Then let it come later when we are more prepared to beat it off. Oh! do not reproach me, for I can bear it ill, I who am working day and night to make ready for the hour of trial. I love your husband and your son, my heart bleeds for your sorrow and their doom, but at present I can do nothing, nothing. You must bear your burden, they must bear theirs, I must bear mine; we must all wander through the night not knowing where we wander till God causes the dawn to break, the dawn of freedom and retribution."

Lysbeth made no answer, only she rose and stumbled from the house, while Van de Werff sat down groaning bitterly and praying for help and light.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A MEETING AND A PARTING

LYSBETH did not sleep that night, for even if her misery would have let her sleep, she could not because of the physical fire that burnt in her veins, and the strange pangs of agony which pierced her head. At first she thought little of them, but when at last the cold light of the autumn morning dawned she went to a mirror



and examined herself, and there upon her neck she found a hard swelling of the size of a nut. Then she knew that she had caught the plague from the Vrouw Jansen, and laughed aloud, a dreary little laugh, since if all she loved were to die it seemed to her good that she should die also. Elsa was abed prostrated with grief, and, shutting herself in her room, Lysbeth suffered none to come near her except one woman whom she knew had recovered from the plague in past years, but even to her she said nothing of her sickness.

About eleven o'clock in the morning this woman rushed into her chamber crying, "They have escaped! They have escaped!"

"Who?" gasped Lysbeth, springing from her chair.

"Your son Foy and Red Martin," and she told the tale of how the naked man with the naked sword, carrying the wounded Foy upon his back, burst his way roaring from the Gevangenhuys, and, protected by the people, had run through the town and out of the Morschpoort, heading for the Haarlemer Meer.

As she listened Lysbeth's eyes flamed up with a fire of pride.

"Oh! good and faithful servant," she murmured, "you have saved my son, but, alas! your master you could not save."

Another hour passed, and the woman appeared again bearing a letter.

"Who brought this?" she asked.

"A Spanish soldier, mistress."

Then she cut the silk and read it. It was unsigned, and ran:—

"One in authority sends greetings to the Vrouw van Goorl. If the Vrouw van Goorl would save the life of the man who is dearest to her, she is prayed to veil herself and follow the bearer of this letter. For her own safety she need have no fear; it is assured hereby."

Lysbeth thought awhile. This might be a trick; very probably it was a trick to take her. Well, if so, what did it matter since she would rather die with her husband than live on without him; moreover, why should she turn aside from death, she in whose veins the plague was burning? But there was another thing worse than that. She could guess who had penned this letter; it even seemed to her, after all these many years, that she recognised the writing, disguised though it was. Could she face him! Well, why not—for Dirk's sake?

And if she refused and Dirk was done to death, would she not reproach herself, if she lived to remember it, because she had left a stone unturned?

"Give me my cloak and veil," she said to the woman, "and now go tell the man that I am coming."

At the door she found the soldier, who saluted her, and said respectfully, "Follow me, lady, but at a little distance."

(To be continued)

## Christmas in the Hospitals

By ANNESLEY KENEALY

ALL who wish to see a good old-fashioned Christmas keeping should take a tour of the London hospitals. No civic banquets bring such happiness as the hospital Christmas dinner; no Court ball approaches a ward tea-party in joy and fresh enthusiasm. For these hospital parties are attended by many who have never been to a party before. A middle-aged East-ender "comes out" at the hospital entertainment; old men of seventy and upwards "never remember" to have had a Christmas present. That the festival comes but once a year is a real regret. "Me wants Kisimass every Sunday" is the sentiment of a four-year-old which finds echo in many adult heads.

Covent Garden at dawn on Christmas Eve shows a wonderful panorama of nursing uniforms bargaining in cut flowers and pet plants. For the bogey of the lurking bacillus is banishing the old-time evergreen and holly branches in favour of fresh flowers and ferns. Mistletoe boughs have long been fruit forbidden by matrons and sisters whose duty it is to protect the susceptible medical student from being led into temptation. Cockney craft causes alarming symptoms to re-appear towards December 18 in small hospital "old-timers," who come in person to the out-patient department and demand to be "taken in" for Christmas.

It would seem that the veriest cynic must forget to be cynical were he to do the rounds of the London hospitals on Christmas Day in the morning. Many nurse staffs go on duty to the singing of quaint old Christmas carols. All the babies are "tied up" in gay colours, and laugh and crow as though they knew all about Christmas and its story.

Little girls have bows of white bandage on their hair in lieu of ribbons; even "old grumpy," as his brother patients baptise him, has put a bunch of holly on his crutch. The bronchitis sufferers forget to cough in their enjoyment of the presents, the Christmas cards and the coming entertainment; chronic grumblers are almost satisfied with their propitiatory gifts. Charming curly heads in the cots—for a Greuze or a Reynolds might find all his models in a London hospital—are alert with attention long before daybreak. "My stocking's burstier than yours," says one belligerent boy to another. This year all clamour for guns that go off, and flags and toys of warlike flavour. "There's air," says a small boy to a proud feminine who has a real doll of her own, for the first time in her life, with wondrous golden locks.

All the little hip-disease girls want dolls with bandaged legs, just as Lilliputian fever patients demand a doll with measles or nettle-rash. And here is Father Christmas perambulating the wards on a rubber-tired tricycle, so glorified with holly boughs, cotton wool and spangles as to look like the fairy chariot of the pantomime. What a pity it is so few visitors go to the most delightful among all the Christmas parties given in London!

Tommy Atkins has made his hospitals blossom with gay paper flowers and floating banners of loyal and martial motto. Tommy gets no Christmas dinner, good cheer or presents. But he sings his barrack-room songs and thinks of the turkeys and plum-puddings the nation forgets to provide for its sick soldiers. Jack Tar finds pleasant harbour during Christmas in the Seaman's Hospital at Greenwich, where the Chinaman learns to eat rice without chop-sticks, while a friendly little Jap wishes all a Merry

Christmas in very broken English. Thirty nationalities are here with subscriptions from one and presents from few. Who will remember this hospital, whose beds are full of gentlemen of colour from Hong Kong and Samoa to the West Coast of Africa, with plenty of jolly Jack Tars, who regard the rice and fish dinners of their Hindu and Mahomedan brothers as poor Christmas fare beside their beef and pudding?

The foreign hospitals in London offer a picturesque background to Christmas keeping, and call for sympathy for the sick and friendless foreigners within our gates. They are in danger of being forgotten, these German waiters and Italian hurdy-gurdies, artistic wearers of baggy trousers, blouses, old velvet coats and bizarre ties.

No nursing staffs ever take holiday on Christmas or Boxing Days. Their post of pleasure and duty is to devote their energies to the cheerful task of making merry for their sick charges. Few outside recruits volunteer to lend a helping hand towards Christmas making in the hospitals. Many send generous gifts and helpful cheques. Their own Christmas would be a happier season were more to go and see for themselves the peace, goodwill, and happiness their kind thought brings to thousands among the patients who, to use their own words, "are lucky to be ill at Christmas, seeing as they must be took bad some time."

## New Novels

"CYNTHIA IN THE WEST"

THERE is much freshness and novelty in Charles Lee's picture of a Cornish artist-colony, entitled "Cynthia in the West" (Grant Richards): the story being how Cynthia herself was won by the only student of love and landscape by whom she was not wooed. The simple framework is amply sufficient for such scenes as are

characteristic of places where pilchards are caught in nets and boats in squalls; and for some no less capital portrait-sketches—not forgetting the humours of the local model. The reader, especially if he happens to know the kind of life that Mr. Lee deals with, will find himself well entertained.

"THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY"

Those whose impressions of Richard of the Lion Heart are derived from an early reading of *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman* are to be congratulated. That most ineffaceable of experiences will save them from being carried off their feet by that whirlwind of more or less unhistorical romance which Mr. Maurice Hewlett entitles "The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay" (Macmillan and Co.). We distinctly prefer the Black Knight, with all his impossibilities thick upon him, to the horrible maniac in whom we are invited to recognise the real Richard. A noble nature ruined by indecision—by the inveterate habit of determining upon one course and then taking the other, is Mr. Hewlett's theory of his hero; but much more than this goes to the making of the monster whom he depicts as wallowing in the slaughter of bodies and souls. When he is finally destroyed by the emissaries of the Old Man of the Mountain—for Giles de Gurdun, it seems, was not his slayer, but perished in trying to save him—we are driven to admit that there is, at any rate, that much to be pleaded on behalf of the Assassins of Lebanon. Apart from all this and the rest of the wild work, we are also compelled to acknowledge its author's genius for picturesque description—that fanciful and romantic genius which found a fitting field in "The Forest Lovers" and in the "Little Novels of Italy" and is wasted upon the reconstruction of history from a deliberately unsympathetic and unpopular point of view. Whether his reading of Richard is false or true—and wholly true it cannot be—we none the less range ourselves under the banner of the Black Knight as the indelible Richard of romance, be the Richard of history whatever else he may.



Dark green cloth. Pleated skirt and bolero bodice, edged with three rows of black and gold braid and three braid ornaments to match. The bodice opens over a waistcoat of *can de Nil* velvet, cross-banded with black velvet edged with black and gold braid. The sleeves are partly of the green cloth, partly of black satin, the cloth being pleated to the elbow. Togue in *can de Nil* velvet, ornamented with two dark sable tails and two black quills. Muff to match.

VISITING TOILETTE





A RECITATION AT A CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

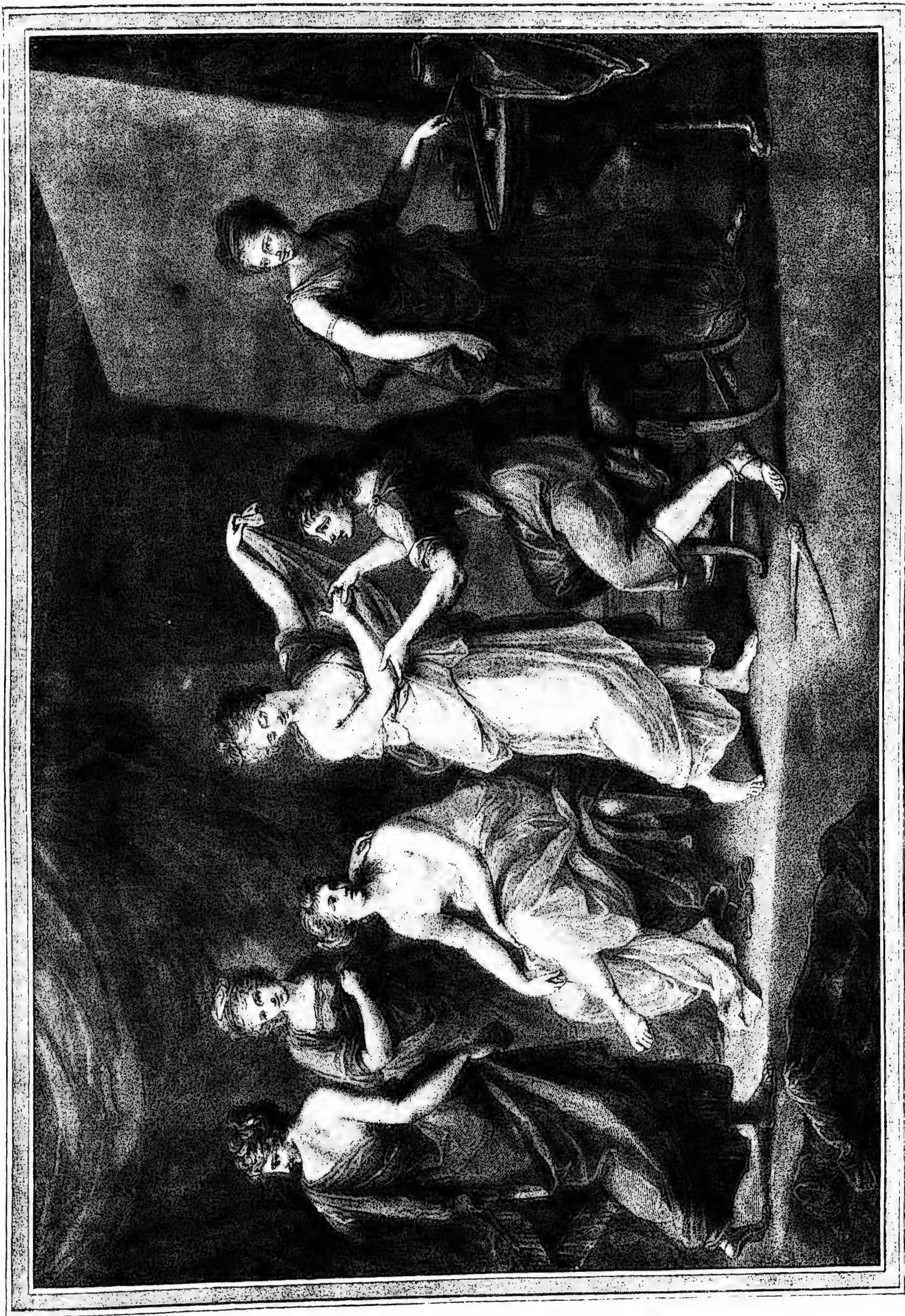
DRAWN BY EDWARD READ





CAROLINE AND LINDORF  
PAINTED BY THOMAS SPOFFORD, R.A. ENGRAVED BY E. GEORGE





NEUNIS COMPOSING THE PICTURE OF JUNO  
PAINTED BY ANGELA KAUFMAN, R.A. ENGRAVED BY T. PARROT, R.A.





BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

THE HOLY VIRGIN WITH THE CHILD JESUS AND ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

FROM THE PAINTING BY RAPHAEL IN THE HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG

"XEUXIS COMPOSING THE PICTURE OF JUNO"

THEMES drawn from ancient history, mythologies and the classics formed treasure-trove for Angelica Kauffman's art—epics, pastorals, stories, legends, poetic myths, and romances constituted "happy hunting grounds" whence she sought the inspiration for her ambitious pictures. Noting her paintings sent to the Royal Academy in 1771, we find subjects taken from Anglo-Saxon history, from Ovid, from the Odyssey, from Tasso, and two portraits. Hers was a wide field, and the fair lady Academician assiduously made the most of her opportunities, generally favouring the exhibitions held at the Royal Academy with some eight pictures from her studio. The artist was great on the muses. She represented herself as the muse of painting, and in turn became the heroine of most of her figurative compositions. Incidents taken from the lives of painters found peculiar favour in her eyes; she at once demonstrated her familiarity with their histories, and her enthusiastic adoration for the artistic craft, of which she, in her time, was regarded as so distinguished and accomplished a member. We have "A Flower After Verelst," a successful example, much esteemed in the engraved version; Phidias, Apelles, Xeuxis, and the great masters of antiquity were made to figure in her productions. The present example is a

favourable one, "Xeuxis Composing the Picture of Juno." It is the well-known story of the artist seeking perfection beyond the limitations of ordinary mortality; and, in order to secure a triumphant and unassailably perfect whole, combining the best features of the finest models. Xeuxis appears, in Angelica Kauffman's version, to have found no difficulty in assembling beautiful models, the difficulties alone seem those associated with *embarras de richesse*; the fair five—who are all represented of the Olympian goddess order—shown surrounding the fortunate Xeuxis, are respectively typical of Angelica's "ideal," and, in a manner, have that general resemblance, suggesting that each has something of the fair painter's personality underlying her classic attributes.

It has been pointed out that Mlle. Kauffman's pictures have profited immeasurably at the hands of the engravers. The best of these were J. Burke and F. Bartolozzi, who reproduced, annually, a series of her subjects, which in the aggregate, amount to a very considerable number. Other engravers were only second in success to the names given, and from the vast selections of her productions given to the public by these means, it is evident that the publishers of her day discovered that popular patronage made the engraving of Kauffman's works a profitable speculation. "Xeuxis Composing the Picture of Juno" was engraved by F.

Bartolozzi, and is considered an advantageous example both of the talents of the fair limner and of the exceptional abilities possessed by the engraver.

THE "ALBA MADONNA"

AMONG the galleries of highest prestige in Europe is undoubtedly to be reckoned the Hermitage Gallery at St. Petersburg. It owes its foundation to the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, and it was added to by successive monarchs. Ultimately Nicholas I. built a new museum for the collection, which was opened to the public in 1852. The collection as founded by Catherine consisted of three galleries, which she purchased entire. These were the galleries of Count H. Von Brühl (Minister of King Augustus of Poland), the Crozat Gallery, and the Houghton Hall Gallery. The last-named collection had been formed by Sir Robert Walpole. In addition to these three galleries Catherine made many considerable purchases from the Choiseul and other galleries. The Madonna, by Raphael, of which we give a reproduction, which is known as the "Alba Madonna," is an early work of the great master's Roman period. It was acquired for the Hermitage Gallery in London in 1836.



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## Music at Christmastide

Music in London at Christmastide is almost as scarce as snakes in Iceland. For, so far as any rate as public concerts are concerned, musical people are holiday making, the vacation being broken only by an Orchestral Concert at Queen's Hall on Christmas Day for the benefit of those unfortunate bachelors and others who have no friends in the metropolis, and find time hang heavily on their hands. Apart from this, music at Christmas in London is confined to the churches.

Church music at Christmastide has of late years very much improved. The days have long gone by since Christmas music in church was confined to Charles Wesley's "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," sung to the tune of Handel's "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." It is true that most of the anthems on Christmas Day are still taken from the Nativity music of the *Messiah*; but in an increasing number of churches Christmas carols form a part, at any rate, of one of the Services. As to "Hark, the Herald Angels," it is now almost universally sung to Mendelssohn's tune, which, curiously enough, was originally composed for a male chorus in the open-air cantata written for the fêtes in 1840 at Leipsic celebrating the invention of printing, an occasion for which the *Hymn of Praise* was likewise composed. It was Dr. W. H. Cummings, now Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, but then a church organist, who first adapted the tune of Mendelssohn's chorus to the words of our Christmas hymn. The music became a favourite at once, and it has been associated with the hymn ever since.

In the provinces Christmas is a much busier time for music. Although pantomime still has its vogue throughout the country, yet concert and opera companies are on the road, and on Christmas Day it is their custom to give a sacred concert. The *Messiah*, too, is frequently performed on Christmas Day in the provinces, as it was at one time at the Albert Hall, although in London the performance was subsequently transferred to New Year's night, owing mainly to the difficulty of getting cabs and omnibuses to bring an audience to South Kensington on Christmas Day. Mr. Lloyd, who has just retired, once sang the tenor music in the *Messiah* no fewer than eight times in Christmas week, that is to say, at six evening performances and two matinées.

Christmastide abroad is the busiest of all seasons for music. On San Stefano, which is our Boxing Night, nearly fifty opera houses open for the season in various parts of Italy. Some of them, it is true, close again, by reason of *force majeure*, as Italian *entrepreneurs* are rarely men of large capital. But for an Italian opera house to be closed on San Stefano is rightly considered a disgrace to the municipality, which ought to subsidise it. In Germany, too, Christmas, although a home festival, as it is with us, nevertheless finds all the theatres and opera houses open. Even in New York Christmas is fixed for the opening of the fashionable opera season, and Mr. Maurice Grau has accordingly closed his American tour, and is now in the Empire City with his full company.

Many attempts have been made to revive the interest in music in London at Christmastide. But they have all failed, and the prospects of even so charming a work as *Hänsel und Gretel* were imperilled by the fact that four or five years ago the work was produced on a Boxing Night. The Christmas vacation for music is, however, a comparatively short one, and in the first week of the New Year serial concerts will recommence.

The "waits" are an old institution at Christmastide. In London, it is true, the waits have gone more or less out of fashion, but this year they are being resuscitated in the sacred cause of charity. Various ladies and gentlemen have mapped out the residential portions of the metropolis, and are acting as waits, singing in the streets, and before the houses of subscribers in aid of a Poor Children's Dinner Fund and other charities. In the country, of course, the waits and carol singers have always flourished; though in their case it is feared that charity, as a rule, begins at home. Still, many a landed proprietor, and lady beneficent of a district, would be sorry if open-air carol singing at Christmas-time were abolished.

It is curious how the meaning of the term carol has changed in the course of time. The "carolling" of Chaucer was partly a dance and partly a song. The "carole" of France was a species of kiss-in-the-ring. In the old days, too, there were Easter and New Year as well as Christmas carols. The carols as we know them, however, are probably indirectly derived from the Mystery Plays, and this will account for the introduction into several of them of legends which form no part of the Gospel narrative. The carols were practically folk-songs, and were handed down from generation to generation until the early part of the present century, when, in 1822, Mr. Davies Gilbert for the first time published a series of "Ancient Christmas Carols, with the tunes to which they were formerly sung in the West of England," intimating that carols were then sung in churches on Christmas Day, and in private circles on Christmas Eve.

## A Kodak Exhibition

AMONG the notable words which the nineteenth century has coined for the convenience of mankind must be reckoned "Kodak," which, although often used as a generic term for that useful instrument known as a hand camera, of right belongs solely to the apparatus introduced a few years ago by the Eastman Company. Many hundreds of these cameras were taken out to South Africa a year ago by officers and special correspondents, and the results of their snapshots form a most interesting exhibition, which was opened last Tuesday at No. 59, Brompton Road, the new branch premises of the Company.

The pictures are full of human interest—that is to say, they do not consist of the bald landscape studies which are so dear to the heart of the budding photographer, but of groups of living men who have been busy in making British history in South Africa, and many of the works contain easily recognisable portraits of

those whose names will always be linked with the leading events of this memorable campaign. We can here see Lord Roberts on Majuba Day, his entry into Kroonstad, his transport waggon and tent at Paardeberg, and his distinguished prisoner, General Cronje. There are also many pictures of our enemies, mostly rough and unkempt fellows whom it is hard to believe have kept in check the flower of the British Army. Of course there are photographs of the "Handy Men" with their big guns, and others showing the terrible effect of their fire. Most interesting are the peeps which these pictures afford of the deserted Boer trenches, with ammunition and all kinds of household goods lying about, while other photographs show the havoc which the gentle Boer has worked in houses when on looting intent. "Kodak, Limited," must be congratulated upon having brought together a collection of pictures which all visitors will find to be of absorbing interest.

## "Caroline and Lindorf"

It cannot be said that as a subject illustration only Stothard's "Caroline and Lindorf" would greatly attract the spectator. But as a matter of fact, there is in this reproduction of a well-known plate the great interest of an extremely typical work. There has probably been no artist of the English school who has distinguished himself so remarkably in every form of pictorial art—illustration, portraiture, religious and mythical painting (commonly called "history"), aiming now at mere conventional grace, as in this "Caroline," now at what was grandiloquently entitled "the sublime," and now, again, at the purely, boldly, and effusively decorative. Stothard's facility was extraordinary. From Boydell's "Shakespeare," and from the other great poets, he would pass to "Robinson Crusoe" and "Mr. Linley's novel 'Ralph Kyrbridge,'" and would find as congenial a subject for his brush in the "Spectator" as in "Boccaccio" or the "Tales of my Landlord." Many of his works were, like Cipriani's, reproduced in stipple or in the "dotted manner," in which every separate dot is rapped with a punch into the copper, of the exact size to carry the disc of ink required. John Osborne was a not infrequent engraver of his, and he was of some repute, and on one occasion, but only one, exhibited (a weird plate of "Margaret's Ghost") at the Royal Academy, in 1785, when engraving was at its height of excellence and popularity. It is interesting to compare this plate with those of Angelica Kauffmann, Howard, and others of that time, on account of their strong family likeness and the evidence they afford of the fashion and taste of the day.

"Caroline and Lindorf" is the title of a long forgotten novel written by Johann Andreas Cramer, a German divine and poet, who was born in 1723, and died in 1788. The book attained some reputation, and in 1803 it was translated into English by Maria Julia Young, a relation of the celebrated author of "Night Thoughts."

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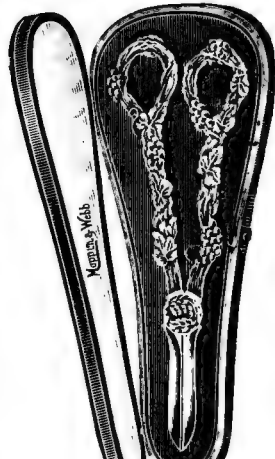
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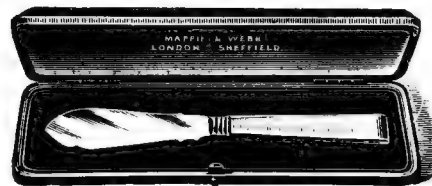


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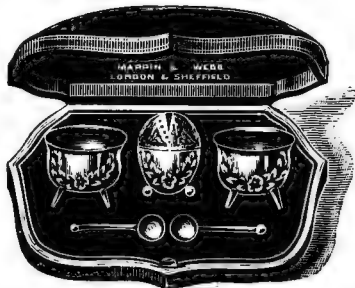


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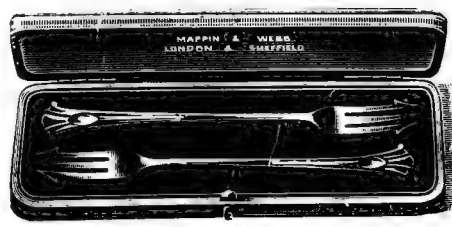


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## A Century of Agriculture

THAT inevitable glance back to the year 1801 which recalls so many successes, if not a few failures in our national enterprises, lights up on the cornfields only to find cause for congratulation in the produce thereof. A century ago the wheat yield in England fluctuated terribly. This was the clue to the emergency legislation of the period. There had been a bounty on corn importations in 1680, a duty thereon in 1770, and between 1770 to 1800 frequent oscillations between prohibition and free trade. In a good year at this period wheat yielded twenty-four bushels to the acre; in a bad year only eight bushels. The average was sixteen bushels. About five million acres were under cultivation, and the yield fluctuated from under 5,000,000 quarters in 1800, and again in 1812, to a full 15,000,000 quarters in 1813. This would upset the calculations of Mr. Hanbury; it was naturally the despair of Mr. Arthur Young. To-day we have not only got into an average of nearly thirty bushels, or nearly twice that of a hundred years ago, but the fluctuation between a bad year and a good one is from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels only; in other words, our good crop is not quite nine millions, our bad crop exceeds six millions. There has been a similar improvement in the average production of barley,

oats, and pulse to the acre. The crop which the century has practically agreed to dispense with in England is rye.

### BLACK BREAD AND WHITE

Eight centuries of dislike have taken one century to eradicate. From as early as 900 A.D. we find in the "English Chronicles" a prejudice against black bread as a mark of abject poverty, and the sprouted rye, too often used in early periods, set up, as we now know, egotism in various forms. As soon as England became really prosperous, the common man, whether peasant or townsman, threw off the black bread as a badge of servitude, and the area of ryeland declined from one-third in 1750 to a thirtieth that of wheat in 1850. To-day there are nearly two million acres sown with wheat against 70,000 devoted to rye. So much for the past. For the future it may, however, be questioned if rye bread should not return to use at least in the proportion of one loaf to seven. The modern miller can be trusted not to grind up anything sprouted, and the low price of sound grain removes the most serious temptation in this matter. The rye loaf should be bought to tide over the Sunday, as it keeps delightfully fresh and moist for at least three days, and the change in the bread eaten once a week would be a very valuable alternative, sufficing to keep many thousands from the

need of special medicines. The rye bread, when well made and eaten as a change from wheat, is exceedingly palatable, and children especially relish it. Rye bread in the twentieth century may return as a luxury after a century of banishment as a sign of poverty.

### THE IMPROVEMENT IN LIVE STOCK

Europe under the feet of Napoleon and the American Colonies a newly revolted and bitterly hostile State were environments putting every Englishman upon his mettle. In nothing was the challenge taken up with more spirit than in cattle and sheep breeding, for the advantage here was direct. The laws which fifty years later were to be formulated by Darwin as universal were here seen in a convincing particular application. Cattle paid to breed well. A cow that gave good milk paid to breed from. The advantage of keeping fine bulls and good stallions, strong rams and boars was felt to the full, and it was seen by urban statesmen no less than by country squires that the more food of the most sustaining kind was raised on English, Scotch and Irish pastures, the stronger and the more independent the United Kingdom would be. The first race of cattle to be developed largely was the Durham, which is now known as the Shorthorn. It originated in a bleak, dry shire, but showed great adaptability, and fairly beat the Devon breed out of Cornwall,

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Silver or Steel, No. 133, **£5 5s.** 18-ct. Gold, No. 137, **£15 15s.**

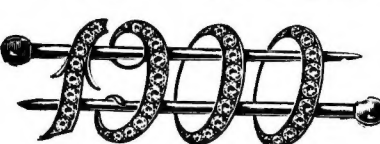


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ALL OUR WATCHES and JEWELLERY can be had upon "THE TIMES" ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA SYSTEM OF PAYMENT by MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS. Full particulars and a copy of our Book E "GUIDE TO THE PURCHASE OF A WATCH" will be sent post free, also Jewellery Catalogue.

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WILL COMMENCE  
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AND CONTINUE  
**THROUGHOUT JANUARY.**


This Sale affords excellent opportunities for securing  
High-Class Goods at Greatly Reduced Prices.

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## Hall's Wine



combats successfully those casual and constitutional cases which end, unless checked, in your being run down. Hall's Wine is the sovereign specific for

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Sold in bottles of two sizes—3/- and 1/9—by licensed grocers, chemists, and wine merchants. Please write for booklet to the proprietors.

**Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London**



though it made little progress against the admirable local Herefords in the West, or against the Norfolk Red Polls in East Anglia. In Scotland the Aberdeen-Angus has risen with the century to the highest place. In Ireland a small, compact little animal, the Dexter-Kerry, has shown the best results. Of sheep the Down breeds have been the most successful in England, and the South Downs have been reinforced by breeds called Oxfordshire and Hampshire Downs.

#### PIGS AND POTATOES

The rural Irishman early in the century was regarded by most Englishmen as a person who lived in a one-room hut, which he shared with his favourite animal, the pig. His diet was potatoes washed down with whisky. When he did not get enough potatoes he emigrated, when he got too much whisky he saw the Banshee. This Irishman was, like most other Saxon visions of the Celt, a person of pure imagination. Ireland never cultivated the pig to the exclusion of other live stock, or to anything like the number per acre reared by the American in Illinois, the Frenchman in Auvergne, or the Pole in Posen. Ireland never had any wonderful area under potatoes, and oats have always been the leading crop in that country. Until quite recent years flax was also very important, but we cannot deplore the change from flax to potatoes. Not only is flax extremely exhausting

to the land, and fit, therefore, only for the capitalist farmer prodigal over fertilisers, but it requires a brighter summer and drier air than that of Ireland. The potato, on the other hand, is not quite the ideal substitute, as with any excessive moisture in August and September it is exceedingly apt to develop disease. Ireland is intended by nature for a pasture country, and its mild, soft air ought to give its farmers the most splendid milch kine in the world. The rearing of horses in Ireland where the climate is a bit harsh is most successful, for the horse thrives best in an air that is not too relaxing.

#### AGRICULTURAL PRICES, 1800-1900

Will the Government give us in the next quarterly issue of the Board of Agriculture a review of the century? If so, we may hope to see certain puzzles supplied with an answer. Mr. Arthur Young in 1801 informed the world that the average price of cheese was 4d. per lb., and of butter 1s. per lb. The last issue of the Government Quarterly (September 29, 1900) gave the price of the best butter as 85s. 6d. per cwt., and of the best cheese as 79s. 6d. per cwt. We see no reason to doubt the accuracy of the Board of Agriculture either in 1801 or in 1900, but why has butter become so much cheaper and cheese (for it is a purely comparative matter)

so much dearer in the hundred years? The price of wheat is, of course, a very different story. From 1800 to 1845 it averaged 64s. per qr., and the Government, in introducing the Free Trade Bill of 1846, put the extreme effect of the measure at fifteen per cent., in other words 54s. per qr. was to be the average for the Free Trade period. But the average of the closing year will be about 26s. 6d. per qr., or less than half the price that was to rule.

#### FAUNA AND THE CENTURY

The last hundred years have seen the extirpation of the bustard, the bittern and the great auk, but the otter, the badger, and even the wild cat (in Scotland) linger, and the feeling of the age has changed so markedly in the last quarter of a century that we may reasonably hope for their continued preservation. We fancy that the marten, the polecat and the old English black rat are practically extinct, but may easily be mistaken, for there is proverbially some difficulty about proving a negative. In the insect world the beautiful large Copper has clearly died out, so, too, have the scarce Swallow-tail, the Appollo butterfly and the Mazarine Blue. On the other hand the Camberwell Beauty has reappeared in some numbers, and the rarer Hawk Moths are less rare than of yore.



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THE ONLY PALATABLE  
NATURAL APERIENT WATER  
Highly Recommended by Doctors, especially  
for Constipation, Liver Troubles, Obesity,  
Gout and Rheumatism.

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**TABLE DAMASKS**  
Damask Table Cloths, 2 yards square, from 2/11; 2 yards by 2 1/2 yards, from 3/11; 2 yards by 3 yards from 5/6. Fish Napkins from 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins from 5/6 per doz.

**HOUSEHOLD LINENS**  
Irish Linen Pillow Cases, from 10/6 per doz. Irish Linen Sheet, bleached, 2 yards wide, from 1/11 per yard. Roller Towelling, from 3d per yard. Dusters from 3/3 per doz. Huck Towels, from 4/6 per doz. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/3 each.

**GAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS**  
Ladies' Hemstitched Hkfs. from 2/6 per doz., Gents' Hemstitched Hkfs. from 4/6 per doz. A Large Variety of Hand-Embroidered Handkerchiefs.

**SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS**  
Gents' Shirts, Linen Fittings from 3/6 each. Gents' Linen Collars from 5/6 per doz. Gents' Linen Cuffs from 8/- per doz. Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs from 5/11 per doz.

Samples and Price List Post Free.

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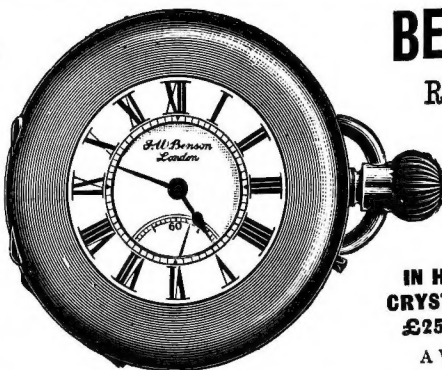
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Renowned Gold Keyless

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Half-Chronometer, English  
Lever, Breguet Sprung,  
and Adjusted.

IN HUNTING, HALF-HUNTING, OR  
CRYSTAL GLASS 18-CT. GOLD CASES,  
£25; OR IN SILVER CASES, £15.

A Warranty is given with each Watch.

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**20 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF £1 5s.**  
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ESTIMATED VALUE—"A pint of Dr. De Jongh's Oil is of more value than a quart of any other"

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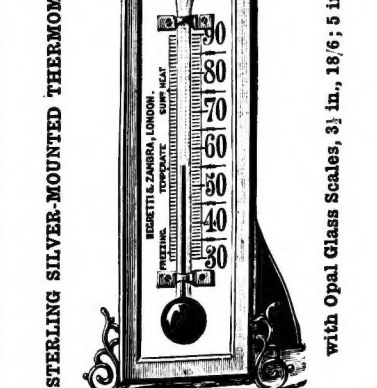
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ANTISEPTIC  
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and have beautiful teeth and a sweet breath.  
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Paste that its antiseptic  
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beneficial. I am using it  
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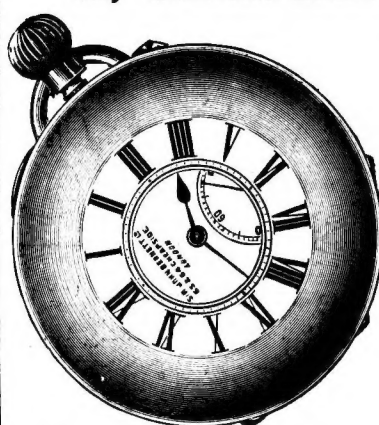
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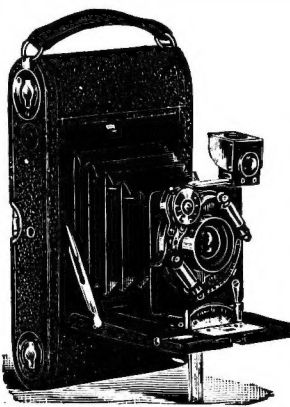
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must certainly be many with whom a KODAK Camera is a constant companion. These artists have certainly greeted with great pleasure the new Folding Pocket Kodak No. 3, which unites every quality of the other Kodaks. Its small size, combined with the possibility of focussing the lens for near objects, renders it, no doubt, the most efficient "Pocket Kodak" in the market. To the large number of amateurs who wish to make pictures in the winter season, and on a somewhat gloomy day, it will certainly be of great interest to learn that these new Kodaks can now be obtained fitted with the best photographic lens in existence, the Goerz Double Anastigmat, which enables the worker to obtain good pictures even in an unfavourable light. This lens, which is fitted to a special shutter, the speeds of which can automatically be regulated, enables the amateur to be practically independent of the weather, for the extreme sensitiveness of the Eastman



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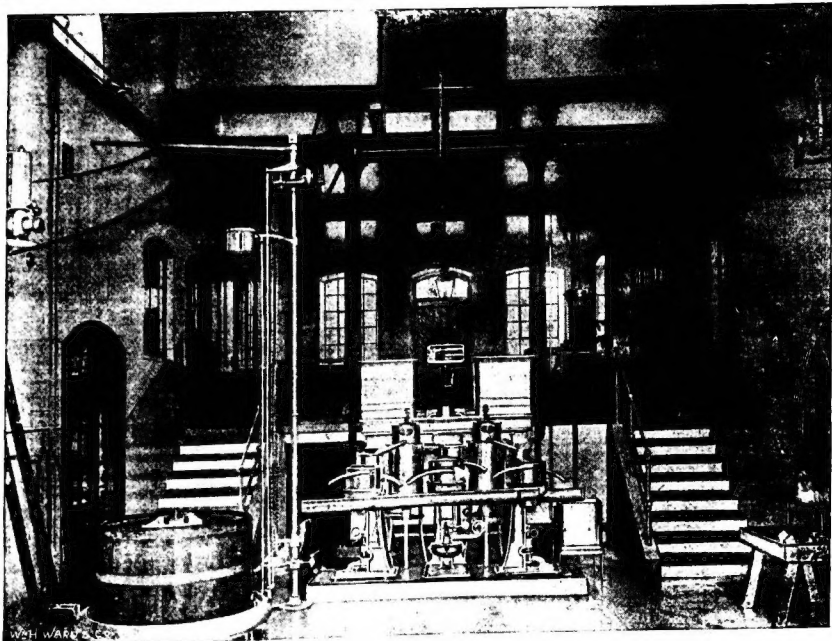
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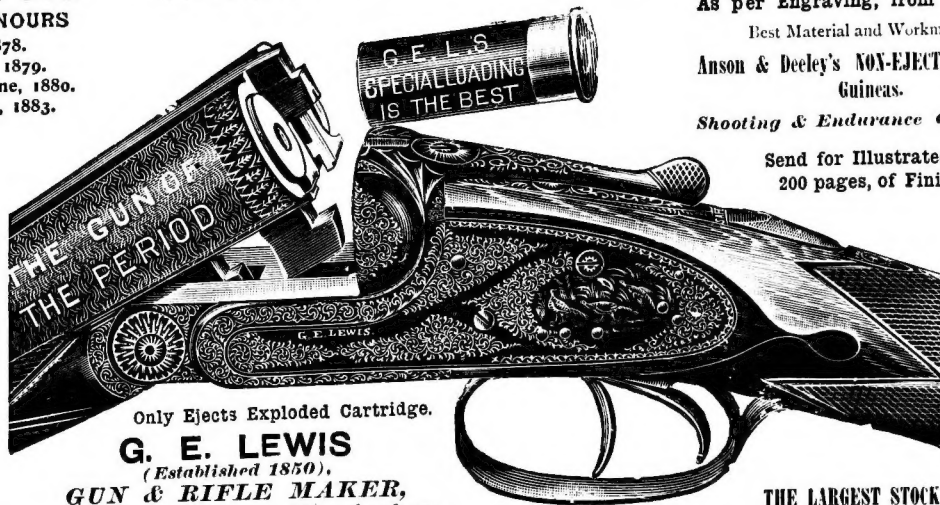
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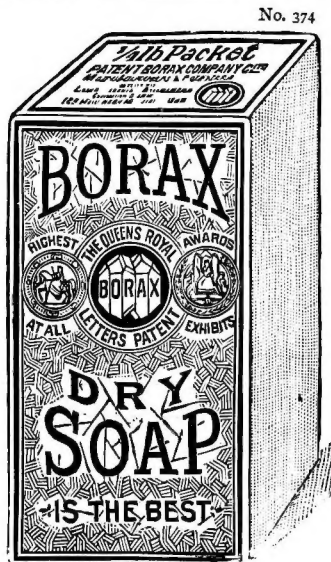
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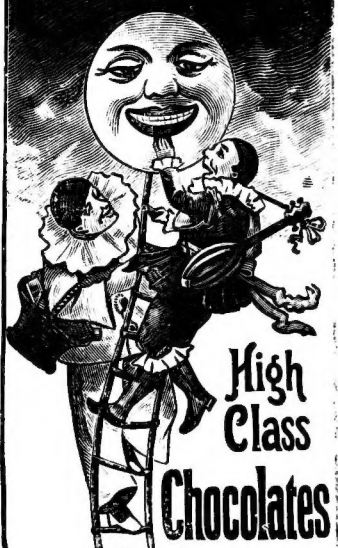
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